This is my design

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Archive Warnings:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence, Major Character Death, Rape/Non-Con
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Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
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Characters:	Alana Bloom, Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Jack Crawford
Additional Tags:	Rape, hurt/ comfort, Fighting, Emotional Hurt/Comfort, Angry Hannibal, Soft Hannibal, Hurt Will, Will changes, Complex Relationship, Smut, Shower Sex, Top Will, Blood, Violence, DO NOT READ IF TRIGGERED BY MCD, OR RAPE, OR EMOTIONAL DAMAGE, or violence, Suicidal Thoughts, Suicide Attempt, Suicide
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This is my design

by Jonah_Smith_907

Summary

He already wanted to leave again, but Will held him back by touching his suit. He seemed to have a hard time speaking, but eventually he said: “Don't leave. Please?”

Hannibal could see tears rising in his eyes, so again he nodded. “Do you need help undressing?”, he asked carefully. He slowly began developing a theory about what had happened. “I will not touch you unless you give me permission.”

Will nodded. “I can't feel my fingers. They're too cold. Can you help me taking my shirt of?” Hannibal stepped closer and slowly pulled his shirt over his head. Will could feel him tense when he saw all the small cuts and the huge scar Hannibal himself had put there. Will's arms fell back to his side weakly. “And the buttons...trousers...”

Will finds Hannibal in Italy and pays him a visit. Then he gets raped by a stranger and Hannibal helps him rather lovingly.
There's a lot of drama and hurt/comfort but also fluff.

DO NOT READ IF TRIGGERED BZ GRAPHIC DESCRIPTIONS OF RAPE OR VIOLENCE OR MCD
Seriously, don't.

- Inspired by [Restricted Work] by VagabondWillowWisp

Prologue

“But he is the Chesapeake Ripper!” Will had nearly shouted. Alana had seen the desperation in his eyes, seeking any sign of belief. But she couldn't. She couldn't believe that Hannibal was killing and eating people. That he was a cannibal. And she liked him. It wasn't exactly love, even though they were having sex, but she liked being around him, talking to him, being close to him.

Though she knew he didn't have any kind of feelings for her. She knew he could push her away from himself at anytime, without feeling a thing. He often trailed off with his thoughts, forgetting that she was even in the room.

If there was someone else?

Italy

Chapter Notes

I forgot to mention that Bedelia Du Maurier doesn't live with Hannibal in Florence...

Pain. Every single cell in his body was drowning in pain, blood covering his stomach, face, arms and legs. But not only the physical pain drove him near unconsciousness, but also Hannibal's betrayal, his coldness towards Will. His lack of emotions.

“I let you know me. See me. I gave you a rare gift. But you didn't want it.”, he had said in his Danish accent. He had managed to drive guilt into Will's mind. And later he had added: “I forgive you, Will. Will you forgive me?”

Italy. It hadn't taken long, until Will had found out where Hannibal had run, once he had started looking. Although he had tried to let him go, to let him live his life, but that hadn't worked out for long.

And now he was standing here, at the airport in Florence, unsure of where to go. Of course his first thought urged him to pay Hannibal a visit first, but he didn't want to show up at his doorstep with his bag of clothes. That could make him think the wrong things. That Will wanted to come back to him for example.

I mean he missed Hannibal. But he couldn't forgive him.

Will went to a motel and checked in. He put the bag on the bed, not bothering unpacking. He sat down on the edge of the bed and propped up his chin on his hands. He knew Hannibal was in Florence. He knew he was alone. But he didn't know where exactly he was. Though he knew where he'd eventually go.

Will got up and left the motel.

Come In

Chapter Notes

> So I decided to make the chapters quite short, because currently I can't write that much at once...
>
> Buuuuuut in this chapter they finally meet and the rest...well we will see
>
> I should mention that Will didn't live with Molly and Walter and I think I've said it before, that the Great Rred Dragon is not in the story...or at least not fully? I don't know, maybe he will appear, but different.

Hannibal went to the little shop once a week, buying always the same two things: wine and white truffles. But something felt different when he exited. He felt watched. And chose to give no attention to that feeling. He went home and right into the kitchen, where he put his groceries away.

It wasn't long after, that it knocked. He went to the door and opened. It was Will. Hannibal felt relieved, that he finally knew that Will had survived. There had always been the possibility that he could have died. But he looked tired and somehow careful. Hannibal's first thought was, that he was going to kill him. He had tried before. But then again, he didn't seem to have such thing in mind. Not for now, anyway.

Hannibal stepped aside and let Will inside. He entered.

"Hello, Will.", Hannibal said. He barely managed to keep his face straight. He had longed for this moment since he had left the USA. And now finally it had come. But he didn't know how Will might react, what he would do, what he was thinking.

"Hello, Hannibal.", Will replied with cold voice. He was somewhat happy to see his former - what? Friend? - again. But he was also so angry at him and then unsure of what he was actually doing here. He had told himself that he was just going to talk to him - but about what? - and if that didn't work he'd just kill him. That was always and option. More or less.

They remained silent for a few seconds. Then Hannibal spoke up: "How is Abigail?"

"Oh she is fine. Living her life. Happy. Without you. So is Alana. They are happy. Without you. Nobody misses you." Will stared at him with cold look, hoping these words hurt Hannibal. At least a little bit. He didn't show any reaction.

It shouldn't bother, even hurt him, that nobody missed him. Though he was glad that Abigail had survived. He had liked her. He knew Will was waiting. For an answer. An explanation. Anything. He didn't say anything for nearly a minute. Then he said: "I am glad to hear that."

"Well it's not like you've put any effort in keeping them alive, have you now.", Will immediately shot back. He was angry. And hurt. "I lied. About Abigail. She's dead. You killed her. You nearly killed me, too. Do you have any idea, what you took from me?! What you took from Alana?!"

Hannibal was surprised to feel hurt aobut her death. Sad even. He thought about his question. "Yes." Will looked at him, stunned. "You were very close to her. You loved Abigail like a daughter."

"Damn right, I did! You took the only person from me, I ever loved! You broke me! You made me think I was going insane!" Will couldn't fight the tears rising in his eyes. They rolled down his face, dropping to the floor. He wished he could stop them from falling.

Hannibal felt attacked, hurt, not sure what to do. He wanted to hug Will, tell him everything was going to be alright, wipe away the tears from his slender cheeks. That was when he noticed that Will had lost weight, he had dark shadows under his eyes, though his hair was neatly combed. He seemed to have put some effort in looking not too wasted. Not that he had bothered shaving. But Hannibal liked his dark stubble.

He wanted to say something. Apologize. But he didn't. Will had already turned around and was heading for the door. He slammed the door shut, leaving Hannibal in silence. He stood there for a few minutes, until he went to the kitchen, poured himself a glass of wine and sat down at the window, looking outside, lost in thought.

Him

Chapter Notes

Drama. Pain. Suffer.
Happy reading.

Will was furious. He walked through Florence, long steps, not bothering to keep track of where he was going. He just had to get rid of this anger, this energy. So when he saw the about 10th pub, he stormed inside and ordered a whisky. He ignored the look of the barkeeper, who seemed to wonder what was going on, but Will didn't bother telling him. He just wanted to get drunk. Probably for the first time in his life.

Two hours later he left the pub, barely being able to walk. He saw many people passing him, but he couldn't quite make them out, everything was blurry and too bright. Will turned into a small alley and managed to walk a few more steps, before he passed out and fell on the floor hard.

He woke to the strange feeling that he couldn't move. Something heavy prevented him from doing so. He opened his eyes slowly and groaned as pain shot into his head. He could barely see anything, but after a few seconds of blank staring, he suddenly felt ice cold and broad awake. Fear rose in his chest, fighting with panic over the better place. His arms were chained together with a rope or something and being held above his head by his attacker. He saw the man, being on top of him smiling at him in joy. Will could feel the man's dick inside his ass, moving in and out in a fast, violent rhythm. It hurt.

Will started screaming help, but was silenced by a disgusting kiss from the stranger, forcing his mouth open with his tongue and then suddenly pushed his head to the floor, his cheek scratching over the hard structure. Will felt sick.

And not that all this was already bad enough, the stranger now got out a knife from his jacket and began cutting Will's stomach with it. Nice little cuts, just deep enough to bleed.
Will started struggling harder, but he only got hit into his face. He wanted to leave, flee from this monster! He wanted Hannibal to come, help him. Where was he?

Help me. Please?

It lasted for what seemed like an eternity, until the man finally let go of Will, putting his trousers back on. He looked back at his victim once more. "Good boy." Will could hear his ugly grinning. "You were amazing. Maybe we will meet again?" And with that he was gone.

Will laid in the alley in the dirt in shock, bleeding, in pain and ashamed of himself. Eventually he sat up and put his clothes back on. He struggled standing up, but then he

started walking, slowly and carefully.

He didn't cry.

Help Me, Please?

Chapter Notes

Fluff *.*
Drama comes in the next chapter :)

Hannibal was sitting at his desk, drawing once again, when he heard a quiet knock on his door. It was just once, but he went to open for whomever was standing out there.

It was Will, slumped against the door frame. He had pulled his knees to his chest and buried his face in his crossed arms, resting on his knees. He didn't seem to notice Hannibal.

“Will?”, he asked. No reaction. He gently touched his shoulder, but immediately took a step back, when Will flinched away. Something about this was very off. “Will, I would like you to come inside and tell me what happened.”

After a few seconds, Will started moving, getting up. Everything hurt. Even his face, but he just ignored the pain. He slowly went inside, being supported by Hannibal, who walked by his side and prevented him from falling to the floor when he stumbled once again. They made it to the couch with no further accident.

They sat there in silence for a little while. Hannibal watched Will. He felt oddly sad about all the wounds Will had. He didn't have those when he had left the apartment. His cheek was full of small scratches and he had marks on his wrists, as if somebody had chained him. Also was he barefoot and didn't wear the coat he had worn earlier.

“What happened, Will?”, he asked with a calm voice, though he was anything but calm. He could feel anger rise in his chest. Who had dared to touch his Will?!

Will seemed very interested in a pillow, laying next to him. He couldn't talk about it. Not now. Not with Hannibal. Not with anybody. He took a shaky breath and finally asked: “Can I use your shower?”

He had spoken so quietly, Hannibal barely understood him. But he nodded yes. “Of course. I will show you.” He helped Will up and led him to the bathroom. “Help yourself.”

He already wanted to leave again, but Will held him back by touching his suit. He seemed to have a hard time speaking, but eventually he said: “Don't leave. Please?”

Hannibal could see tears rising in his eyes, so again he nodded. “Do you need help undressing?”, he asked carefully. He slowly began developing a theory about what had happened. “I will not touch you unless you give me permission.”

Will nodded. “I can't feel my fingers. They're too cold. Can you help me taking my shirt of?” Hannibal stepped closer and slowly pulled his shirt over his head. Will could feel him tense when he saw all the small cuts and the huge scar Hannibal himself had put there. Will's arms fell back to his side weakly. “And the buttons...trousers...”

He seemed so ashamed for having to ask for this sort of help, he even seemed ashamed of his own body. Hannibal decided to push the thought of rape away. Now was not the time for questions.
He opened the buttons and when Will didn't react, he pulled down his trousers, leaving his boxers on. “I will wait in the living room for you.”, Hannibal said and when he noticed Will slightly nodding, he left, closing the door behind him.

Will stood in the middle of the room for a few minutes, without moving. But then he finally pulled down his boxers and stepped inside the shower. He turned the water as hot as possible and let it run over his body. He welcomed the pain in the fresh wounds. That meant he was still alive. If that was a good thing.
He then started cleaning himself with shampoo and washed it off again. He repeated that procedure. And again.

Hannibal waited 45 minutes until he knocked on the bathroom door and asked: “Will, are you alright? Can I come in?” When there was no answer, he entered. “I brought you a bathrobe and some boxers. I'll put them on the bathtub and wait in the living room. If you don't show up in 10 minutes, I'll have to return and see if you are alright.” With that he left.

Will knew Hannibal was serious. So he turned off the water and stepped out of the shower. He avoided looking into the mirror and slowly put the fresh boxers on. The hot water had brought some feeling back into his hands and feet. He also put on the bathrobe. It smelled like Hannibal and was soft and warm. Will slowly went into the living room.

Tears

Chapter Notes

> We are getting to the talking part...slowly. I just couldn't do it yet. My brain is not in the right state of mind to construct logical conversations right now.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hannibal looked up when Will entered the room. He looked beautiful in the bathrobe and the wet hair. Drops of water fell to the floor whenever he moved. Hannibal got up and went to him. “I would like you to be my guest tonight and sleep in the guest room. I prepared it for you.” Will nodded. “I would also like to take care of your wounds so they don't get infected.” Another nod. “I will show you your room now.” Nod.

Will laid down on the bed. It was soft and comfy. Hannibal slowly opened Will's bathrobe and revealed all the cuts. He sighed. This wasn't what he had wanted for Will. He went to work.

Will froze with the first touch of Hannibal's hands on his chest. He couldn't help the tears from running down his cheeks. Hannibal wiped them away with his hand. Neither of them said a word. Hannibal focussed on cleaning every single wound, Will focussed on not having a panic attack.

After a while Hannibal told him to turn around, so he could take care of his bruised back. Will obeyed and laid on his stomach. He hated himself for that thought, but he actually began enjoying Hannibal's warm hands on his skin, gently massaging his still tense muscles while taking care of the wounds.

It didn't take too long until Hannibal was finished. He sighed again and got up. “I will leave your room now and give you some space. You can come to me whenever you feel like it.”

Will didn't give an answer but only moved on his side and clenched to a pillow, pressing it against his chest. He didn't notice the tears until they had formed a wet stain on the mattress. And realization hit him like a truck.
He had been raped. Someone had raped him, taken advantage of his unconscious body. Soiled him.

Heavy sobs rose I his chest, making it hard to breathe. Tears streamed down his face, his body shook. He could still feel the man's dick. He could smell his scent.
He felt sick.

Will got up as quickly as possible and stumbled to the bathroom, barely making it to the toilet. He vomited hard and loud, not in control of his body.

Hannibal slowly entered the bathroom. He didn't like seeing Will like this. Broken by another man. He sat down next to him, without touching him. Eventually Will sat up again and leaned his head against the wall. He was panting and covered in sweat. He raised his hands and covered his face in them. His shoulders began shaking, as he started sobbing.

“I'm sorry.”, he groaned and rubbed over his eyes. They were swollen and red.

“For what?” Hannibal wanted to hug him, hold him, so hard. He wanted to tell Will that everything was going to be alright. Though he knew it would be hard.

“For being so...weak.” His eyes were dark. Dark with pain and shame. And something else.

“You are not weak, Will. You are very strong. So very strong.” Hannibal sighed once again. “Let's get you cleaned up.” He helped Will to stand and sat him down at the edge of the bathtub. He then got a face cloth and gently wiped over his mouth. Will didn't even flinch. He had closed his eyes and seemed to have gone deep inside his mind. Nobody could reach him now. Except one?

“Will.” He didn't react. Hannibal thought for a second before he picked him up carefully. Will grabbed his neck and hid his face in his shoulder, without opening his eyes. He was shaking. “It will be alright, Will. I will punish whoever did this to you. I promise.”

Chapter End Notes

I am also thinking about adding one or two details about Hannibal from the movie 'Hannibal Rising' (Very good by the way). Such details being the murder of his sister. Different circumstances of course. Maybe you could tell me your opinion about that in a comment?

Thanks for reading.

Hold Me

Chapter Notes

My apologies for so much drama, but I couldn't help myself.

“HANNIBAL! Help! Hannibal? Please! Please help me. Hannibal?”

“I am here, Will. I am here.” Hannibal squeezed his hand firmly and wiped away the sweat on his forehead once again. He had been sitting by his side since he had carried him to bed and Will had fallen asleep on the way. He had been sleeping restlessly the whole night, mumbling quietly in his nightmares. Also screaming.

“Where are you Hannibal? Where are you? What's happening? Help me, Hannibal. I don't...Hannibal. I.....know.....am. Pl..sss. Hlp. Hnnebl?” Will started twitching, kicking away the blanket, clinging to Hannibal's hand as if it was a lifebelt. “Hannibal!!” He rose with a scream, panting, staring into nothingness, every muscle in his body tense.

“Will.” Hannibal touched his shoulder, trying to wake him from his...trance. And he did indeed. Will flinched away startled. He then seemed to recognize Hannibal. “It's alright. You are safe with me.”

Will looked at him with a blank stare for a few seconds. Then: “I know. I....I know.” He took a deep shaky breath. “Hold me, Hannibal.” Tears glimmering in his eyes, an unsteady look. “Please?”

A warm feeling rose in Hannibal's chest as he heard the request. He even had a hint of a smile in the corner of his mouth. He pulled Will in close, pressing him against his chest, holding him firmly. “I've got you.”

At first Will was quite stiff, but soon he melted into the caress, pressing his cheek against his chest and his forehead against his neck. They sat still for a few minutes, Hannibal slowly stroking Will's back. Then he spoke up: “Do you want to tell me what happened, Will?” He clenched without noticing into the back of his shirt.

“No.” “Can you tell me?” “...yes.” Again they remained silent for a few more moments. Then he began to talk. Shaky and quiet at first, then surer: “I was angry when I left. I...went to a bar and got drunk. I then left some time later. Dunno how much later. And passed out in some alley.” He paused and pulled away from Hannibal. He sat on the edge of the bed and stared to the floor. “When I woke up a man was...raping....me. AndHeCutMeAndICouldn'tMoveAndIWantedYouToComeButYouDidn'tAndIJustWantedToDie!” Again he started sobbing. “And then I came here because I didn't know where else to go

and now I'm bothering you and you must think that I'm so weak and filthy, I'm so sorry, I'm sorry, Hannibal, please, I'm sorry!"

"Will, it's alright. You don't need to apologize. I don't mind you being here and I don't think you are weak, I think you are very strong and that I have to apologize for not being there for you when you needed me most. But now I am here and I am here for you. And now I need you to calm down, because I don't want you to have a panic attack or hyperventilate. So I need you to calm down."

"I can't, I can't calm down, I'm sorry, Hannibal, I'm....sorry..." Will couldn't focus, he looked wildly around, shaking uncontrollably. His breath hitched, he was panting. "Help...me...? Please..."

"Will, I want you to lay your hand on my chest and focus on my breathing, do you understand?"

Will nodded and did as he was told. He tried to clear his thoughts and only focus on Hannibal, but more and more pictures from the rape flooded his mind, choking him. His vision began to blur, he felt light headed. Something was wrong. This wasn't good.

Hannibal's thoughts were racing, searching for a solution, but he couldn't think of anything, he couldn't concentrate properly. His head was filled with concerns about Will and anger and disgust about the attacker. What was he supposed to do?!

"Will, I need you to calm down, and I have an idea how this might work. I want you to tell a story. Tell me about your dogs. Tell me, about Winston." He waited for a brief second until he asked: "Can you do that for me?"

Will nodded yes. He took another shaky breath and began talking: "I found him....when I drove home.....one night. He was all alone.....and skinny....and dirty, so I lured him with some.....thing. I can't remember right now...." He swallowed hard, but his breathing started to calm slowly. A brief smile flashed across his face when he continued: "When I came home I washed and fed him.....and once he was dry and comfy, he started following me everywhere. He even followed me that one night where I was sleepwalking and the police had to take me home."

Hannibal noticed gladly that Will seemed to have calmed down quite well and smiled about how much he loved his dogs. Maybe Hannibal should get him a dog. But wouldn't that be a bit...much?

"I miss my dogs.", he suddenly said, looking to his hands, laying in his lap. He seemed so sad in this very moment, so small and lonely.

"I'm sure they miss you, too and once you are back in the US, they'll greet you with all their love." Though Hannibal didn't really believe in his words and this was very unlike him, all he wanted was for Will to be happy, to feel good and loved.

"I'm not sure I want to go back. Without you." A light blush rose to his cheeks.

“You don't want to kill me any more?” He was actually surprised to find himself hoping.

“No. Yes. I don't know.” He rubbed over his eyes tiredly. “I can't live with you, and I can't live without you.” A heavy sigh escaped his lips. Those beautiful lips.

Hannibal couldn't help but smile, the corners of his mouth twitching. “I can understand that you would not mind me dead. I have made some mistakes. I kept an illness from you and took a loved one from you. I apologize for making your life difficult at times, but you cannot stay angry with me forever.” He gently stroked Will's hand with his.

“I can try.”

Darkness

Chapter Notes

Happy cliffhanger ^_^

I would have posted this yesterday already, but my sister had stolen my laptop and I couldn't finish the chapter. But now I have and hopefully the next one will follow tomorrow. Or today I dunno, I'm in a writing mood. Finally :D
We'll see how it continues.

“I made something to eat.” Hannibal looked through the bedroom door. “Would you like to join me?”

“I suppose so. Yes.” Will got up and slowly walked to the dining room. He was still sore and every muscle in his body hurt. He sat down at the table. His eyes were itching from tiredness. He watched as Hannibal brought the food in, neatly divided into two portions, artfully dressed. It seemed to be meat with some vegetables and a simple salad. He waited for Hannibal to sit down next to him and started eating. His hand was shaking ever so slightly.

“Do you know, what you are eating, Will?” He seemed genuinely curious. He didn't blink, didn't look away, just stared at him.

“Yes.”, he replied, not looking up from his plate. “I know.” This quiet confession was enough for him to brake the dam of confused emotions that had been building inside him. He didn't notice how lose his grip on the fork had gotten, until it fell out of his hand, making a clashing sound when hitting the plate. He stared at it, baffled. He looked to his hand; it shook harder now.

Hannibal studied Will for a brief moment, absorbing every expression on his face, the little wrinkle between his eyebrows when he frowned in confusion, the little blink, his lips parted. Those lips, beautiful but so far away, not in reach for Hannibal, closed for him. “Are you alright, Will?” He didn't get any spoken respond, only a terrified glance, before Will stumbled to his feet, knocking over his chair and wimp out until his back made contact with the wall. Hannibal followed slowly. “What's wrong, Will?” For a moment there he was scared that he might have a seizure. Why did he feel that way? This was not like him. Not at all.

“Go away! Get! Away! From! Me!” Will put up his hands defensively, desperately trying to bring more space between him and the man in front of him.

Hannibal backed off, watching him closely. “I am not going to hurt you, Will.” “I know! I know.” “Then tell me what's wrong.”

“I'm...afraid that I'll become like you.” His eyes were sparkling with tears, making him look so broken.

“Would that really be so bad?”, he asked. He wanted to hold Will, feel his weight in his arms again. Sooth him.

“Yes!” He groaned. “No. I DON'T KNOW, OKAY?” Anger. Hannibal hadn't seen this emotion on Will yet. Not in this raw form, anyway. “I'm scared of the gloom to come.” “Why?” “Because...then I'm alone in the darkness.” Hannibal smiled his little smile: “You are not alone. I'm standing right beside you.” “That's what I'm afraid of most.”

“Is it really?” “Yes.” “Then why did you come here? After what happened? Why did you come to me if you are so afraid!” “I...I don't-” “Maybe you are just a weak little man after all.” He regretted saying it the second those words left his mouth. Will looked as if he had hit him. Tears rolled down his cheeks, sobs shook his shoulders. Hannibal looked at him. And grew angry all of a sudden. He had given Will shelter, soothed him, taken care of his wounds, given him food. Helped him.
He made a big step towards him, but Will flinched back immediately, crawling backwards, stumbling to his feet, hurrying away. He made it to his room and locked the door behind him.

Will didn't know why Hannibal hadn't run faster – he could have gotten him easily – but at this very moment he couldn't care less. He lurched to the opposite side of the room, away from the door and slumped down the wall. He was scared to death, knew how Hannibal reacted to betrayal. His scar itched. He buried his face in his hands and rocked back and forth, sobs shaking his body.

“Open the door, Will!” He didn't scream. He didn't need to. He knew Will could hear him perfectly clear. But his anger had to go somewhere, leave his tense body. “Open! The door! Now!” He beat against the door loudly, making it rattle. He kicked it, trying to get a satisfying result. It didn't take him longer than a few minutes.
The door flew open, giving him entrance to the room, to Will.
Hannibal stormed inside, murder in his eyes.

Leaving You

Chapter Notes

Aaaaaaaaaaand more drama.

Hannibal couldn't see him right away, but when he took another angry step forward, he did. And it broke his heart. Will had curled up on the floor, his hands clenched into his hair, holding on to it desperately, needing an anchor. He had squeezed his eyes shut and seemed to be trying to disappear. He had stopped crying only seconds ago. Fear had taken over. Hannibal's anger melted like ice on a sunny day.
He sat down at the door, leaving him his space. He sighed with regret. “I'm sorry, Will. I shouldn't have gotten angry with you. I should have known better. You are vulnerable right now and probably didn't mean it.” He knew Will had meant it exactly like he had said it. He never lied to Hannibal. But he needed him to get out of whatever dark place he was in right now, get his attention.

“I meant it, like I said it.” Will slowly, almost in slow motion, sat up. He didn't look up but watched his hands.

“I know.” Hannibal studied him again, waiting for him to speak.

“I...I don't know, if you are real or if you are still outside this room. I don't know...if this. Is real.” He finally glanced at Hannibal and crossed his arms in front of his chest, nearly hugging himself. “I can't get you out of my head. My inner voice...sounds like you.”

“This is real. I kicked in the door because I was angry, but now not any more. I forgive you.” Hannibal felt surprisingly happy about Will's confession. He was literally inside his head. But then again...what was a relationship based on manipulation? “Due to the unfortunate fact that your door is damaged, I would like to give you my room and I take this one, so you can have the safety you need. If you want to stay here, of course.”

Will didn't reply. He silently got up, but just before leaving the room, he spoke up: “I would need my things from the motel. It is right next to the airport?” He didn't wait for an answer and left. Hannibal could hear the other bedroom's door close and lock. Something about the extremely calm way of Will's behaviour made him uneasy.

Hannibal left the apartment and went to the motel Will had described him. It took him a few minutes to convince the concierge to give him the key to Will's room, but eventually he entered. He spotted the bag immediately on the bed, untouched. He briefly brushed over the fabric before picking it up. He looked around for a last time, so he wouldn't forget anything. Then he left.

Hannibal hesitated before he entered his flat. What if Will had taken the opportunity to leave while he was gone? His heart started racing at the very thought of having lost Will. Again. But then again, he wouldn't leave without his bag, would he?
Hannibal carefully knocked on Will's door. “I brought you your things.” When he didn't get an answer, he continued: “I will leave it in front of you door.”

Will had thought about leaving. Though 'running' would be the better word. But he didn't. Of course he tried to convince himself that he was only waiting for his bag, but deep down he knew he didn't want to leave Hannibal.
He slowly rose from the bed he had been sitting on for the past half hour and cautiously opened the door. Hannibal was nowhere to be seen, so he picked up the bag and threw it next to the nightstand.
He forgot to lock the door as he lied back down.

It was maybe one hour later when Hannibal dared to look after Will again. He noticed happily that the door was unlocked and sneaked inside.
Will laid on top of the sheets, deeply asleep. He didn't move when Hannibal sat down by his side. A soft sigh escaped him when he brushed away a strand of hair. Will didn't even blink. This was odd. Something about Will sleeping so peacefully, was wrong. Will never slept peacefully. He always moved, or dreamed. This. Was wrong.

Panic rose to his chest, as Hannibal went to check his pulse. It was very weak, barely traceable. He looked to the nightstand and froze in fear when he saw the bottle of sleeping pills. It was empty.
And Hannibal jumped into action. He picked up Will and carried him into his 'secret room', where he usually prepared bodies for dinner. But now he gently lowered Will down onto the table and quickly got a tube, ready to pump his stomach.
He had to save him.

Talks

Will hadn't planned on doing this. He'd just done it. He'd had the opportunity and he'd taken it.
He blinked slowly, turning his heavy head. When he opened his eyes, he could make out a blurry figure, hovering above his face. A few blinks later and he recognized Hannibal, looking at him with great concern.

“Don't you ever do this again, Will!” He sounded angry. Why did he sound so angry? Will's tired brain couldn't come up with a good reason. “You scared me!” He gently stroked Will's hair. “How are you feeling?”

Will stared at him in disbelief. Seriously? That was a stupid question. “I'm fine.”, he finally said and looked around, trying to find some distraction from the subject. “Where am I? I don't know this room.” That's only when he also noticed, that he didn't wear a shirt. A strange feeling rose in his chest when he thought about Hannibal undressing him.

“Here I prepare the food. Before taking it to the kitchen.”, he tried to explain as wary as possible, not wanting to freak Will out.

He stayed silent for a few seconds before finally asking: “Are you going to eat me?” He sounded distraught.

“...no.” Hannibal was surprised himself. He really didn't have any intention on eating his...well, friend. Not any more, anyway. He probably would have done it a few months back, but not now. “I won't. I only brought you here to pump your stomach and control your vitals.”

Will nodded and closed his eyes again. “What if we all left together, like we were supposed to?”, he suddenly asked. “Where would we have gone?”

Hannibal smiled at the thought. “France. I would have loved to show you Paris. But I don't think you would have felt good with me.” Again they went quiet. “Why did you call me? That night when Jack came to get me?”

Will shifted nervously. “B...because you were my friend and...I wanted to run away with you.” He faltered. “Part of me always will.”

“Then why don't you? We still can.” Hope spread in his chest, leaving warmth. Maybe it would all be good in the end?

“Because I don't think I'd be able to...accept you as what you are.” The little crack in his voice was proof enough of how much it hurt Will to say those words, because he did indeed long for it.

“Must I denounce myself as a monster while you still refuse to see the one growing inside you?” Hope had retreated, taking the warmth and leaving a cold feeling. Sadness took over. And loneliness. Why did Will have to be so difficult?

“I can't.” Silent tears ran down Will's cheeks. Those damned tears. “I've spent my whole life fighting against it. I can't just...stop. It wouldn't be me any more.”

“And would that really be so bad? Giving in, living in peace with yourself?” He brushed down Will's arm, squeezing it gently. “You and I are just alike. We both fought our inner selves for a long time. I managed to free myself from those chains and I believe so can you. Don't you crave for change, Will?” Will couldn't admit it. Not yet. Not out loud. “I feel alone without you.” The Danish accent was thick with this one.

Finally Will spoke up: “We're both alone without each other.” He looked Hannibal straight into his eyes and continued: “I'm curious whether either of us can survive separation.” They shared an intense look, staring into each other's eyes, until Will broke away, blinking tiredly. “I'm cold.”

Hannibal pulled up the blanket over Will's bare chest. “If it's okay with you, I'll pick you up and carry you back to your room. I don't think you'd be able to walk after...everything that happened.”

“No, I can do it!”, Will claimed. Turned out he couldn't. He had managed to walk two or three weak steps until dizziness hit him like a truck and Hannibal had to catch him. He had known that this would happen.
And now Will laid in his strong arms, one hand around his neck, close to falling asleep. This little action had cost him all of his little strength. It had been an exhausting day after all.

Sleep Now, My Love

Chapter Notes

> AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH SO MUCH FLUFF I CAN'T HANDLE IT!!! XD

Hannibal gently lowered Will onto his bed, pushing the blanket back first and then pulling it over him again.
“Are you still cold?”, he asked.

“Yes.” It was barely more than a mumble. When Will felt the mattress shift, he turned his head in confusion. Right next to him, under the blanket, laid Hannibal, stripped down to his Boxers. “What are you doing?” Will swallowed hard, trying to gain control over his scratchy voice. He wasn't sure whether he was nervous due to the fact that he'd been raped and was now so soon so intimately close to another man, or because he felt rather attracted to the other one. It wasn't a bad feeling though.

“This is my bed after all, Will and you are still cold, as you said.” Will could feel his hot breath against his neck. His legs felt wobbly. “And naked bodies transfer heat better than clothed ones.” Hannibal found it oddly easy to admit how much he liked being that close to Will.

“We are not completely naked.”, Will noted.

“Do you want us to be?” He felt his heart beating so hard, he was afraid Will might hear it pounding against his ribs.

He didn't answer. I mean he did not not want it. But it would be...inappropriate, wouldn't it? Though he could feel Hannibal's increased heartbeat.
“Can we just go to sleep, please?”, he finally asked. A bright blush had spread across his face, radiating heat.

“Of course.”, came the formal answer, muffled against Will's neck, his lips brushing over his skin. A little smile appeared on his face.

Will woke up with a shudder right before dawn. It was still dark outside, but he could see schemes and shadows. He'd had another nightmare, but it had been bearable; not as bad as his usual ones. He turned his head, checking for Hannibal. He was relieved when he saw him laying on his back, one hand resting on his stomach. Will took his chance and stared at him

for a solid three minutes, admiring the beautiful sight, before he got up and sneaked out of the room.

Hannibal was awake the second Will left the bed. He laid still, eyes closed, listening carefully, following Will in his thoughts. He heard his steps move away from the bedroom, then a closing door. A minute later the toilet flushed and then water ran. Washing his hands presumably. The door opened again and Will came back.

Hannibal released the breath he hadn't noticed holding and relaxed visibly. He had feared that Will still wanted to leave, one way or another. But apparently he didn't. Not for now, anyway.

Will climbed back into the bed, not noticing that Hannibal was awake. He seemed to be sitting there for a while, just watching or thinking or both. Hannibal could only hear his heavy breathing. This short walk had exhausted him again. He began suspecting that maybe he was still ill, meaning not the bruises or the mental damage, but also a fever, maybe a cold or the flu. He hoped not.

After a while Will laid back down and Hannibal nearly exploded with joy, when he put his head on his chest, seeking contact. He put his arm across his stomach and clung to his body. Hannibal shifted a bit and put his arm around Will's shoulder, pulling him closer.

Although Will must have noticed that they were now both awake, neither of them said a word. They just enjoyed this peaceful feeling of security.

Will listened to Hannibal's heartbeat, felt his chest rising and falling again with each breath. He adjusted when he slid further down, pulling Will onto his shoulder. He could feel Hannibal's lips barely, but they were there, playing with his hair sleepily. His fingers fondled his back softly, leaving a trace of hot prints. His other hand entangled with his, squeezing it every once in a while.

Will sighed and let himself drift off into sleep, welcomed by thick, soft darkness. Hannibal smiled into his hair when he heard his breathing calming, his muscles relaxing. This would be a good night.

Breakfast

Chapter Notes

I'm sorry that this chapter is so short, but I think the next ones are gonna be longer again...
Anyway, this is some more talking :D

The next time Will woke up, the sun shone though the curtains and the bed was uncomfortably cold. He winced in protest at the lack of person, missing Hannibal's solid body, giving him a feeling of safety. Their fight and how angry Hannibal had gotten, had been forgotten the second he had carried him to the bed, caressing him, protecting him.

Will yawned and got up with some difficulties. The bruises on his body still hurt and a look into the mirror confirmed that they had gotten blue, purple and green and that he looked like shit in general. He could barely stand.
Again memories flashed through his mind. He could suddenly feel his back scraping over the rough floor, huge hands pressing him down. Goosebumps appeared on his skin. He quickly shook his head and closed his eyes, replacing those images with some of Hannibal, his caring, his soft skin, the way the corners of his mouth twitched when he was amused.

“Will?” Hannibal had watched him for a few seconds before speaking up. He had seemed to be thinking about something nice, a mild smile on his lips.

Now he flinched, opening his eyes. “Goddammit it, Hannibal, you startled me!” He inhaled deeply, then sighed. “What's the matter?”

“I made breakfast. Scrambled eggs and bacon. From pig.” He wanted Will to be comfortable with what he ate. He didn't want him to feel like he'd have to please Hannibal by eating people. And if he wasn't ready yet, so be it. “I figured you'd be hungry.” He looked at Will again, who was still only wearing his boxers, while he wore his usual suit. “You should lay back down, I will bring it you.”

Will seemed to think about rejecting the offer for a second, but then he nodded and staggered back to bed. He felt weak after all. Hannibal returned after a few minutes, carrying a tablet with a plate and a glass of orange juice. He put it on the nightstand and then sat down in a chair next to Will.

“How do you feel?”, he asked.

“Better, I suppose.” Will took a big mouthful of scrambled eggs. “Though I don't want to talk about what happened.”

“You will have to, eventually.”, Hannibal replied, frowning.

“Why? Why do I have to talk about it? It happened, now it's over and my wounds are already beginning to heal.” Will curled his lips grumpily.

“Only the physical ones. But you must talk about it. Otherwise it will eat you up from the inside.”

“But I've told you already.” He ate faster now, trying to distract himself.

“Only what was necessary. But not how you feel about it now. Your dreams, your fears, your hopes.” He smiled. “I want to know what's going on inside your head.”

“So you can manipulate me again?”

It felt like a punch to the stomach when Hannibal realized that Will may trust him with physical help, but not inside his head. He didn't trust him to accept him the way he was. “No. I won't. I made this decision the second I broke into your room. I will not manipulate you any more. I promise.”

“And you always keep your promises, don't you.” It didn't feel right to be so...mean to Hannibal – especially after yesterday night – but he couldn't help himself. He wanted to trust him, but at the same time he couldn't convince himself to let go of all his fears. He still hadn't accepted the monster growing inside him. Or had he? “Sorry. I'm just...still tired.”

“Of course. You must sleep much and regain your strength.” They sat in silence for a bit, until Hannibal got up. “I'm afraid I must leave you now, but I've got a patient who's waiting.”

“It's fine, I'll just sleep some more.” It wasn't fine. Will wanted Hannibal to stay and caress him, to hold him close and give him a feeling of safety. He didn't want him to go. He didn't want him to leave him.

“I'll be back as soon as my patient leaves.”, Hannibal reassured Will. He then left and closed the door behind him.

Promise

Chapter Notes

SMUT!!! Took me ages to write cause I'm usually bad at smut, but this time, I nailed it.
I hope xD
Have fun reading

I don't know where I am. It's dark. I can't see. Something's wrong. Something's there. I can't move, something's holding me back, pressing me to the harsh ground. I can't move. Something's blocking my chest. I can't breathe.
There are hands, hands on my body, hands everywhere. I want to shout, scream for help, but my voice won't obey me. Nothing obeys me. I'm not working. I'm weak. I'm hurting.

I cough hard; it makes my throat hurt. “Hannibal!”, I finally choke out, putting all my little strength in this one word, this one name. Where is he? “Where are you?” I can feel my whole body shaking, starting with my hands.

I'm freezing. Why is nobody coming?? I'm alone. I'm so alone, nobody is there.
A small whimper escapes my sore throat.
But there is something else. The grip around my body has changed. I'm afraid.

“Will, wake up!” Hannibal was scared to death by Will's shaking body, whimpering in his sleep, crying out for him. “Please, wake up! Please! Will?” He stroked his forehead, wiping away the sweat.

Another whine escaped Will when he shuddered and opened his eyes. He looked around in confusion, blinking slowly. When he became aware of where and with whom he was, he weakly clenched on Hannibal's suit and buried his face in his shoulder.

“Are you alright? Did you have a nightmare?” Hannibal just kept petting Will's back, soothing him without even noticing. “Talk to me.”

“I dreamed about...it...again.” He sniffed agitated and rubbed over his face. He was still trembling in shock. Hannibal waited for him to continue, knowing that if he interrupted now, Will would pull back and just bury all his feelings deep down inside him. Again. Finally he spoke up. “I felt...weak. Worthless. And alone. I don't want to be alone.”

Hannibal tightened his grip around him, pressing a soft kiss into his hair. “You are not alone any more. I'm here. I will always be here for you.”

“Promise?”

“Promise.” He smiled. “Have you...reconsidered....yourself?”, he asked carefully. God, he hoped this was a good idea.

“Umm...not really...but I think...I think I can...stop fighting. I have to. There is no other way. I can't go crazy over myself. But you will have to give me time.” Will sat up and sighed. “Promise me, not to push me.”

“I promise. Of course I promise. I will not hurt you. Never again.” He suddenly turned him around and looked deep into his eyes. “May I try something?”

Will seemed a little confused by this request, but he nodded. And Hannibal leaned in, brushed over Will's lips teasingly before smashing into them, forcing them open to explore his mouth with his tongue. Will welcomed him in after a second of shock, a soft moan escaping him. He couldn't keep his hands off Hannibal, travelled up and down his stomach, feeling his firm muscles.

Will pulled off his shirt impatiently, then proceeded with Hannibal's. He pushed Hannibal on his back and crawled up over him. Again he brought their lips together, breathing heavily. He could feel the blood rush to his cock when he felt Hannibal's hands moving to his Boxers, pulling them down, brushing against his inner thighs, causing Will to gasp in surprise.

In response he practically ripped off Hannibal's pants. He felt like he was gonna explode if he couldn't fuck Hannibal soon into his beautifully shaped ass. But not just yet. He worked his way down Hannibal's stomach, leaving traces of little bite marks. Finally he gently kissed the top of Hannibal's dick, earning a needy moan. Encouraged he took his full length into his mouth and started sucking and licking it.

Hannibal couldn't help himself, he moaned uncontrollably, grabbing Will's hair, needing something to hold on to. He was close, so close to coming, but Will noticed and pulled back.

“Where's the lube!?”, Will asked panting, then grabbed it out of the drawer, where Hannibal had pointed breathlessly. He squeezed some of it into his hand and pushed one silky finger into Hannibal, causing him to jolt in a mix between pain and pleasure. Will didn't wait long until he added another finger, moving them in and out in a slow but yet violent rhythm. He watched Hannibal's face closely, every twitch of every muscle he noted, and adjusted the angle of his fingers, until he hit his prostate every single time.

He added a third finger and kept the same pace, then pulled them out all at once, making Hannibal moan in protest. But he didn't leave him much time to recover, but positioned himself in front of him, holding him by his hips, then slowly and carefully pushed his dick deep into Hannibal.

Hannibal could barely take it any more, the pleasure, mixed with the pain, was almost too much for him, but he didn't want to come yet, but enjoy it longer.

Finally Will increased the pace, pushing harder, faster, the grip on his hips tight, leaving bruises.

“Will!”, was all Hannibal could manage to shout when he came all over himself. Will responded with a cry himself, collapsing on top of him. They were both panting heavily.

After a few minutes Will rolled down to his side and looked at Hannibal sleepily. “That was amazing.”, he whispered and smiled.

“You were.”, Hannibal replied, playing with Will's hair. “You were absolutely amazing.”

Will chuckled, blushing slightly. “We should get cleaned up.”

“We should take a shower.” Hannibal pulled Will to his feet and they went to the bathroom, stepping under the hot shower. “Let me take care of you this time.”

Hannibal squeezed some shampoo into his hands and started massaging Will's still bruised back with it. The water immediately washed it away again, so he could kiss and suck at the soft skin, caressing every single wound he could reach. He wanted to mark him, show everybody that he was his. Will escaped a soft moan and he turned his head to kiss Hannibal again, their tongues meeting, their hot breaths mixing.

Hannibal reached down from behind, loosely letting his right hand trailing down Will's stomach, until reaching his already hard cock. He began stroking it firmly, making him groan, but refusing to let him come. He carefully cupped his other hand around Will's throat, choking him just enough to make him moan with pleasure, but not to hurt him. He could feel his pulse racing in his vein.

Though Hannibal had a hard on himself, he didn't think about taking care of it, until Will reached behind and returned the favour, until they both reached the point of coming together, moaning each others names simultaneously. Will nearly passed out, black dots dancing in front of his eyes, but Hannibal held him up, cleaned him gently and helped him back to the bed, where they snuggled into the sheets together, still naked, still moist from water.

Will could barely hold his eyes open. He took his favourite place on Hannibal's shoulder and put his arm over his stomach. Hannibal wrapped his arm around Will and pressed another soft kiss into his hair.

“I love you, Hannibal.”
It was barely more than a whisper, but Hannibal could still hear him. He smiled widely at Will. He had fallen asleep right away, completely exhausted from amazing sex.
“I love you, too, Will.”

Peace

Chapter Notes

I'M SORRY I HAD TO PUT THE SUPERNATURAL REFERENCE THERE I COULDN'T HELP MYSELF!

Enjoy it though.

Also: I would have posted this chapter three days ago, but I was very exhausted from that smut scene. It was a very intense writing session and afterwards I couldn't write anything for a whole day. BUT NOW I'M BACK BITCHES
Thanks for reading :>

When Hannibal woke up, Will was still asleep, snuggled into his shoulder. He looked at him in awe, admiring the amazing view. Suddenly Will twitched and opened his eyes. He turned his head to look at Hannibal, who stared straight back. He smiled and an embarrassed blush rose to Will's cheeks, when he remembered last night. He had made Hannibal scream. He was sure that didn't happen often.

“Good morning Will.” Hannibal planted a brief kiss on his lips. Will opened his mouth and deepened it, until they broke apart panting, gasping for air.

“Good morning.” He cleared his throat. “Last night was...great.”, he said and blushed even more.

“Yes, it was.”, Hannibal replied and smiled. They laid there for a while until he asked: “Breakfast?”

“Yeah.” They got up, put on some decent clothes and Will went to the big dining table, while Hannibal vanished into the kitchen.

Will managed to stay patient for maybe five minutes, until he sneaked into the kitchen. Of course Hannibal had noticed him already. He tilted his head slightly, a smile on his thin lips. Will stepped closer and put his arms around Hannibal's waist from behind and rested his head on his shoulder.

“I had to make sure you were still here.”, he explained.

Hannibal took Will's hand in his, turned around and looked down at him. “I won't go anywhere without you.” And with that he pulled him closer and kissed him softly on his forehead. “Now go and sit down, I'll be right with you.”

The next few days went by quickly, containing sleep, sex, showers – those endless showers – and food. Will's several wounds were nearly healed off, although he still had bad dreams every night. But Hannibal was always there to calm him, raise him from perdition. The one extraordinary thing these days was, that Hannibal hadn't killed anyone since Will had found him and he felt like he was grateful for that. But he also knew, that he couldn't stay 'good' for much longer. He had to taste human flesh again, feel the adrenalin shoot through his veins when he killed someone with his bare hands; his calm fascination with man's organs, exposing the vulnerability of the human body.

How much longer would he have to wait?

“Hannibal?” Will fluttered his hand in front of his face to gain his attention. It was around 9:00pm and they were lying in bed together, Will reading a book about dogs, Hannibal drawing something. “Where are you right now? You've been staring at the wall for like ten minutes now.”

“I thought about killing.”, came back the careful answer.

“Killing whom?” Will quickly shook off the image of his dead body being draped somewhere. Hannibal had promised never to hurt him ever again. Neither physically, nor mentally and he kept his promises.

“That rude man from the supermarket.” They had been grocery shopping the other day and a man had bumped into Will but hadn't apologized. Naturally, Hannibal had called him out on it, but only gotten a grumpy 'don't have eyes everywhere!' and staggered off. Hannibal's eyes had been glittering with fury but hadn't done anything. Though Will had ever since suspected that he did want him dead.

Will nodded knowingly. “I figured.” He looked at Hannibal for several minutes before finally saying: “It's okay. I think I have made my peace with you being...you. Although I'm not sure if I'm ready to eat people yet, but I will not judge you. Not any more, anyway.”

Great relief filled Hannibal at those words. Will's 'blessing' meant a lot to him. He bowed his head thanks. Ultimately Will trusted him, him and him alone, not some carefully created person suit.

“But, one condition: I don't want to know how you killed him, where you took him from or what his name is! Deal?”

“Deal.”

Not long after this conversation Hannibal left, leaving Will alone in the dark, trying to fall asleep in the cold queen sized bed. It was utterly difficult to truly relax without someone at his side. No, not someone, Hannibal, warming him, making him feel loved.

Two hours later Hannibal came home. First stop was his secret room, where he put away the food. Or man; all the same. Then he took a quick shower, washing off the smell of blood.

Then, still steaming from the hot water, he crawled into bed to Will, who fell asleep only minutes before. He stirred, but didn't wake up. He just rolled to his side, being the small spoon. Hannibal lovingly took his position of the big spoon and buried his face in Will's hair. His eyes fell shut and he was gone within seconds.

The next morning was quite peaceful. Will didn't have a nightmare – or at least he didn't wake up screaming and near a panic attack – and Hannibal and him slept until noon. They quickly showered, got dressed and had breakfast. Neither of them addressed the small blood stain in the carpet, that hadn't been there yesterday evening.
Today was a special day for Will. Hannibal would take him outside and show him the city. It was special, because he had barely been outside since the rape – except maybe that one time at the grocery store – and now he was nervous, yet looking forward to it.

Once they were outside, Will's anxiety increased. He stuck to Hannibal closely, clinging to his hand. It's true, though, they did get one or two – or ten – weird looks. I mean: two men, holding hands? Shame on them.
Hannibal, however, stayed calm as ever, walking straight through the crowd, head up, giving Will a feeling of safety. Everything would be alright.

And it was indeed. They went to see nearly everything there was to see. Hannibal took Will to his favourite museum and they admired the paintings with awe, enjoying their beauty.

As I said, it was a wonderful, sunny day.
At least until they were back on the street, heading for a bar.

Will froze on the middle of the pavement. He stared right across the street, eyes wide open, not blinking. His hands were shaking ever so slightly, his breath hitched. Suddenly he remembered what the man had looked like. He remembered his weight on his body, pressing him down.
“Will?”, Hannibal looked at him with concern, “What's wrong?” He followed his view, but the only thing he saw, was a man, staring right back. He had blonde short hair and wore some old looking clothes. He was quite tall, but not very muscular, more skinny. “Who's that?”

Will tried to answer, but he couldn't bring out a single word. His mouth wouldn't obey him. Neither did his legs. They felt all wobbly so naturally, he stumbled backwards, until his back hit the wall and he slumped down to the floor. Hannibal jumped by immediately, holding him by his shoulder. A suspicious thought rose inside him.

“Is this...the man who raped you?”, he didn't want to say it this bluntly, but he had to know. He had to know whether or not this man had to be punished.

Will however, just nodded and with that the tears came, taking his sight. Violent sobs shook his whole body. “I...I want..t..to l..leave....please!”, he managed to get out.

Hannibal didn't have to think twice before pulling him to his feet, putting his arm around his waist in support.
Will could barely hold himself up, but then again he didn't want to break down in public.

After a few meters, Will went completely silent. The sobbing stopped, his hands weren't shaking any longer. He just stared to the floor, eyes wide open. “Will?” He rose his head and looked at Hannibal. “How do you feel?”

“I'm fine.” Somehow he managed to fake a genuine smile. But Hannibal could see through his facade. This was off. He shouldn't be this calm.

They arrived at their flat when the sun just set. Will went straight to bed, he didn't eat anything or brushed his teeth. He just fell onto the mattress and was gone. Hannibal watched him closely for a long time before he pulled off Will's shoes and removed his trousers and jacket gently. Then he got changed himself and laid down next to him. He couldn't sleep, though. He couldn't stop looking at Will, wondering what was going on.

At some point Hannibal got up and returned only two hours later. There was blood on his hands.

I Love You

Chapter Notes

More fluff, more smut, and incredibly much drama in the next chapter. Fear me.

Will woke up shaking and gasping for air. His blanket and clothes were soaked in sweat, even his hair was wet. He looked around in the room and recognized it as Hannibal's, but he didn't know how he'd gotten here. Was he even awake?

Rising panic made it difficult for him to talk, even to think. He shook Hannibal's shoulder – not very gently though – desperately trying to wake him up. He had to know what had happened.

Hannibal popped his eyes open, still half asleep. “What's wrong, Will?”, he mumbled. When he didn't get an answer, he turned to look at him and found him as a sobbing mess. He immediately was broad awake. He spread out his arms, inviting him in and Will threw himself into them, welcoming the hug.

“What's wrong?”, he repeated and worriedly stroked his arm. What was going on?

“I don't know how I got home yesterday.”, came back the desperate answer. “The last thing I remember is that you helped me walking, but after that everything is gone! I don't...I'm afraid that I'm going crazy again.”

Hannibal took Will's hands into his and looked at him. “You have never been crazy, Will. You were very ill and had to go through some horrific things. You are damaged. But you are strong, possibly the strongest person I have ever had the fortune to meet.”

Will sniffed and wiped away the tears running down his cheeks. He took a shaky breath and tried a crooked smile. It looked more like a grimace. “Thanks.”, he managed to bring out. “I'm sorry for...waking you up in the middle of the night.”

“Never apologize for coming to me. I'm always here for you.”

Will nodded. Then suddenly he said: “You know what's...funny, though? I've never known myself as well as I know myself when I'm with you.”

“This may be unexpected, but I feel the same way about you.” He gently brushed a string of his hair out of Will's forehead.

“Do you really?” Will was utterly happy to hear that. He could barely believe that he'd had such an impact on someone. Then a naughty thought crossed his shaken mind. "Are you...in love with me?”

Hannibal silenced for a second before finally saying: “You cannot control with respect to whom you fall in love.”

“Is that a yes?” Will stared at him deadly serious, eyes wide open.

“Yes.” Hannibal sounded a bit offended that he had to admit his feelings so bluntly. But it was true. He had discovered his love for Will after their first few meetings and hadn't been able to control his emotions the way he usually did, ever since.
He looked back at Will, whose facade had broken. He smiled now, the little wrinkles around his eyes crinkling. “Do you...feel the same?”, Hannibal eventually asked, fear crawling into his heart. The wrong answer would have the power to shatter it.

Will shyly lowered his head and looked at his hands, folded in his lap. “I suppose so.”

“Is that a yes?”, Hannibal teased. A huge smile flashed over his usually so emotionless face for the briefest second.

Will shot a short glance at him, a small grin on his lips. “Yes.”

Hannibal couldn't help himself; he had to pull Will close again, feel the weight of his body in his arms. He pressed a tender kiss on Will's lips. It was a slow kiss at first, full of love, but it deepened quickly, lust rising, their hands started wandering about, exploring their bodies.

Will pushed Hannibal onto his back, taking his position on top of him. Again he smashed their mouths together, eager to feel, to taste more of Hannibal, who kissed back impatiently.

After less than a minute, they both had full hard ons and Will ripped both their clothes off quickly, needing to feel Hannibal's skin on his, his penis inside him.

“I want you, I need you inside me! Now!”, he demanded out of breath.

“I must prepare you, Will! Or it'll hurt!”, Hannibal panted, but Will just shook his head no. He lifted his hips up enough so he could grab Hannibal's cock and stroked it firmly a few times, earning soft moans of him. He then carefully lowered himself down onto him, gasping in joy and pain equally, as the tip of Hannibal's dick pushed against his entrance.

“Fuck, you're so goddamn tight!”, Hannibal called out. Will smiled brightly at him. He had never heard him swear before.

Will slowly started moving, riding him, eyes closed in pure pleasure, mouth hanging open slightly. Hannibal watched him closely, tracing every twitch of every muscle in his face. He quickly found out how he had to move, to hit that sweet spot, to make Will scream.

They came together, Will ejaculating all over Hannibal's stomach. He rolled off of him, collapsing next to him. White hot cum was dripping out of his ass and they were both breathing heavily.

“I want to shower. Will you join me?”, Will asked.

Hannibal pressed another sloppy kiss on Will's lips and then looked deep into his eyes. “I will suck you off so excellently, you will beg me to let you come.”, he breathed with coarse voice into his ear, his Danish accent thick on his tongue.

Everything Ends

Chapter Notes

Prepare for the Drama

Will chuckled with a shudder, already growing hard again. Hannibal rose to his feet and pulled Will up as well. Together they staggered into the bathroom, stepping under the hot water. Hannibal pushed Will against the wall, kissing him passionately, his hands working their way down his body until they found what they were looking for.

Will gasped in surprise when he suddenly felt Hannibal's hand around his cock, stroking it firmly a few times. Then Hannibal kneeled down in front of him, smiling up at Will before teasingly licking the tip of his dick, making it twitch. Then he took his full length into his beautiful mouth, sucking and licking slowly, earning loud moans from Will.

Will put his hands on Hannibal's head, gripping his hair, pulling it. His warm mouth felt too good around him, it made his legs feel all wobbly. “Touch yourself!”, he ordered. He wanted Hannibal to come with him, hear his pleasure.

Hannibal escaped a soft groan when he stroked himself; it felt perfect, mixed with the sensation of Will, his precum tasting wonderful on his tongue. All of a sudden Will came, shouting Hannibal's name and he followed shortly afterwards, leaning his head heavily against Will's stomach, his arm wrapped around his waist so he wouldn't slip and fall. Will chuckled happily, Hannibal grinned against his skin.

Then he rose to his feet and cleaned both of them before stepping out of the shower and handing Will a towel. “I really really love you, Will.”, he whispered.

“And I really really love you, too.”, Will replied smiling.

Suddenly the doorbell rang and Will quickly went to open. Though they didn't expect anyone, it was possible that it was the postman. They had ordered a cooking book for beginners because Will had complained that he couldn't cook.
He had only wrapped the towel around his waist, water still running down his back. He had a bright smile on his lips, not able to get rid of it.
But then he froze, door halfway open. His smile vanished. “Jack?!” He stared at him in disbelief. When he looked behind him, he also saw Alana, looking at him worriedly.
“What...are you doing here?” Panic rose to his chest, making it hard to breathe. This was not good! This was not how it was supposed to be!

“Do you really think we'd let you run after Hannibal without doing so ourselves?”, Alana replied. “We found you. May we come in?”

“Hannibal....isn't home.” Will spoke loudly, trying to warn Hannibal, hoping he'd run. “Maybe you can come back tomorrow?” He had tried to make his voice sound firm, but it shook and there was a crack in it when he said his Lover's name.

But of course they wouldn't. Jack pushed open the door and shoved Will aside. He would have liked to resist, but suddenly all strength had left his body. Alana stepped next to him and took his hand. She could see how upset he was, his mind working. “Everything's gonna be fine, Will. We will arrest him and you can finally live in peace.” She smiled at him.

“Why would I want that??” His hands began to shake. “I don't...want to leave.”

Jack sneaked into the bedroom. And there he was. The man who had killed so many people, eaten them. He had his back turned towards Jack, his hands hanging loosely by his side, a piece of paper in his left. He wore an unbuttoned shirt and some boxers, which was more than Will wore.

“Turn around with your hands above your head!”, Jack demanded. To his surprise, Hannibal did as he was told. “Move!” He led him into the living room, where Alana was still trying to calm down Will, who tried desperately to explain that this wasn't right.

Hannibal looked at Will with a small smile, in the attempt to comfort him, but it didn't seem to help. He was shaking and sweat had begun to form on his forehead. This wasn't a good sign at all. Will had been getting ill again and this sort of stress wasn't good for him. Hannibal feared his mind would set fire again. He might die.
He couldn't let that happen. Not again.
He quickly took the needle he had stuck into his boxers and started working open his handcuffs. Hannibal suddenly jumped to a small table and grabbed the knife off it. It always lied there. Then he jumped behind Alana, pushing Will aside, out of danger. Jack rose his gun, but knew he couldn't land a shot.
“Put your gun down or I will slit her throat.”, he said calmly. The blade already drew blood, Alana gasping in pain. Will had frozen next to them, watching them. “I want you to let Will and me go and nobody will get hurt.”

Then everything went fast, too fast, nearly. Hannibal moved a little bit too far away from Alana and Jack shot. It was just one shot, but it had hit its target. For one quiet moment nothing happened. Then the knife dropped to the floor, sprinkling around little drops of blood. Everybody's look followed it. Then Hannibal fell, slumping to the floor, blood streaming out of his chest. His eyes were opened widely, staring to the ceiling. He panted heavily. The bullet had just missed his heart, but hit his lung.

And finally Will awoke from his trance. He rushed to Hannibal's side, falling to his knees hard. He tried to stop the bleeding, put Hannibal took his hands into his. They were sticky from his blood. “Don't try. It will not work.”, he whispered, his eyes full of pain.

“You were supposed to leave!”, Will whispered back. His hands were shaking.

“I couldn't leave without you.” He smiled but then coughed hard, blood dripping from the corner of his mouth. “I love you, Will.”

“I love you, too.”, came back the shaky answer.

“Smile for me.” It was barely more than a breath, but Hannibal wanted to die with Will's beautiful smile on his beautiful lips, lighting up his whole, beautiful face. He inhaled for one last time.

“How could I?” The first tear fell. “But you won't die! This is not happening! Everything's going to be alright!” He shakily lifted Hannibal's head onto his lap, stroking his cheek. “You are not going to die!”, he repeated again, and again. But Hannibal didn't answer. Not any more. He had gone silent, his dark brown eyes staring into nothingness. “This is not happening.....please”

And then realization hit him like a truck. “He's dead. He's dead. Why is he dead! Wake up, Hannibal! Wake up, please!!!'

Jack and Alana shared a disbelieving look, not sure of what was going on here. Last time they'd seen Will, he had wanted to kill Hannibal. Alana wanted to get Will away from him, but when she touched his shoulder, he flinched away and snarled: “Back off! You did this! You destroyed everything!” And then the tears came. Once they started coming, they didn't stop. Will slumped down onto Hannibal's chest, sobbing openly. He took his hands in his, mindlessly taking the piece of paper. He lowered his head and pressed a soft kiss on Hannibal's cold lips, hoping that would bring him back.

“Will, what on earth are you doing??”, Jack asked. “Get away from that bastard!”

“No, you don't understand! I love him and you killed him! You-”

“Will, we all know that can't be true. He manipulated you. Again.”, Alana interrupted.

“No, he didn't! He didn't! He promised me! I would have noticed! He helped me, took care of my wounds when I came to him after I got raped and he didn't judge me, he didn't wait for me to freak out, he didn't use me like you all did! He was there for me!”

“You...got raped?? When??”

A bitter laugh escaped him. “You talked to him. In front of that bar! That blonde arsehole!” He began shaking harder now. “But he's dead now....though...Hannibal...killed him...I.....accepted him. And he....accepted me! And you...used me....and killed him! Oh god.” His breath became irregular, near hyperventilating. “I'm hot.” Sweat ran into his eyes, taking his sight.

“Oh, don't talk such nonsense! You are coming with us and learn to think straight again!” Jack grew impatient as always. Alana slapped his shoulder in the attempt to silence him.

“I HAVE NEVER THOUGHT AS STRAIGHT AS I HAVE WHEN I WAS WITH HIM!!!” They had never heard Will shout before. And now they new why: he nearly passed out, his whole body shaking intensely, breathing heavily. His face went from a pale shade to a sick looking grey.

“I hope you are proud of yourself!”, Alana hissed to Jack. “I think you should leave!”

“I'm not going anywhere! You are not going to take my best agent from me!”, Jack replied angrily.

“You've always pushed him selfishly, but this is going to far! Do you think Bella would like what you are doing? Now get out!” To her surprise, he actually left, storming out the door. Then she slowly sat down next to Will.

He looked at her, eyes swollen, hair drenched in sweat. His breath hitched, he couldn't control his shaking limbs. “I...I can't...breath, Alana...” He had gone quiet. All his strength was gone, his speaking barely hearable. “I can't....breath....without...Hannibal!” The tears hadn't stopped falling.

“Will, I don't understand your...relationship with Hannibal, but it seemed to be quite intimate.” She really tried to hide her doubts. “And I am sorry for his death. But you are close to hyperven- Wi- Will?”

But Will couldn't understand her, his ears were ringing. He couldn't bare her voice, anybody's voice. He had pressed his hands onto his ears, eyes squeezed shut.

“Will can you hear me?” She tried to feel his forehead, but he flinched back again and only shook his head. He could feel his racing pulse pounding against his palms, blood rushing through his veins.
After a while he thought he had calmed down a little bit, so he took his hands off his ears. But then he looked at them.
Panic.
They were painted red, covered in blood. Hannibal's blood.

Alana tried to prevent Will's head from hitting the floor, but he passed out so fast, she reacted too slow. “JACK!”, she yelled, fear rising in her chest. Jack came running back inside, thinking of the worst, only seeing blood and Will, laying on the floor, all twisted. “Call an ambulance!” Even in his unconsciousness, he was shaking, his eyes moving under his lids.

The Truth Often Hurts

Chapter Notes

Yay, only two more chapters to go, you can do it!!

“Will, wake up!”, Hannibal shook his shoulder, trying to free him from his nightmares. “Everything's alright, you are home and safe, I'm here.”

Will shot up, sitting straight in bed. He looked around wildly, until his view froze at Hannibal's face. “You're alive!”, he choked out. Tears of relief ran down his cheeks. “I dreamt Jack and Alana had found us and killed you!” He crawled up to Hannibal's chest and hid his face in his shoulder. “I wouldn't have been able to bare that!”

“Well, I'm not going anywhere.” Hannibal gently held Will, stroking his back. “I will never leave you.” He kissed him softly. “Now go back to sleep, I have plans for tomorrow.”

“What plans?”

“Sleep.”

He hurt. His head felt like it was bursting, at the same time he felt cold, freezing even. He tried to move, eyes still closed, but his limbs felt too heavy. A small groan escaped his sore throat. He heard a noise next to him, like footsteps.

“Hannibal?”, he croaked.

“No, I'm Castiel.” The man held the straw of a glass of water against Will's lips and Will took a few sips. “I am your nurse.”

“...why?”, Will asked confused. His exhausted mind couldn't process the information. He carefully popped open one eye. It was bright, way too bright. He squeezed them shut again. “Where am I?” Right after that the more important question shot through his mind. “Where's Hannibal? I just saw him! How'd I get here?!” Panic let him open his eyes again, blinking against the light.

“Sir, please calm down. You are safe in the hospital. They freed you. Hannibal his dead. Thank god.”

“Nonononononono! Why would they have to free me?? This can't happen! I can't...can't loose him!”

“You must be still confused.”

“NO! I AM NOT!” Will tried to get up, he had to see Hannibal, make sure he was alright, but Castiel pushed him back down firmly, injecting a sedative. “But I have...to see....Hannibal...! Please!”

Next time he woke up, he was completely calm. He knew what had happened. He could remember every detail. He didn't speak. Not to the nurses, trying to chat, not to the doctors, asking questions. After a few hours of staring out the window, Jack was allowed to visit him, but when Will realized who it was, he grabbed a bottle of water from the nightstand and threw it after Jack. It hit him at the chest. Next followed a plate of untouched food, shattering on the floor.
Jack fled out the room, shouting “What is wrong with you!”, while doing so.

Will didn't cry. He couldn't. He feared that if he did, everything would become real. And that couldn't happen.

Four days later, he had already gathered some strength back, Alana came in. She had brought him fresh clothes. “I figured you'd need them when they release you.”, she said. When Will didn't answer, didn't even turn to look at her, she went around the bed and put the clothes into the small closet.

He kept staring out the window, didn't even seem to notice Alana, but when she attempted to stroke his cheek, his hand shot up, pushing hers away. He had grown skinny, but his grip was strong. Alana looked at him with concern. The day they had found him, he had looked normal, healthy. Now he looked worn out, skinny. He had lost weight and had dark circles under his eyes. His lips were dry and his stubble darker than ever.

“Will, I know it sounds stupid, but you have to eat. Otherwise you'll develop an eating disorder!”

And for the first time, he showed a reaction. It was a mocking wheeze, the corner of his mouth twitching. It felt weird, using those muscles again. “So what?!”, he managed to say, voice scratchy and harsh. Those were the first two words he had spoken in five days. “Why would you...care?” He stared at her, pleased to see that he'd hurt her enough to make her eyes all shiny with tears. “It's not like...you have cared before, have you.” After that he fell silent again; after a few seconds he closed his eyes. He hadn't expected this to be so exhausting.

When he heard Alana leave, he relaxed visibly, glad that he didn't have to hold back the tears any longer. Because she had just made it real. She had broken the dam, that had prevented Will from crying, from breaking down completely. And he cried indeed, tears streaming down his face, dripping on the sheets, leaving wet stains. Violent sobs fought their way up his throat; his head began hurting again, pounding in pain, but he couldn't stop.

Will didn't know how much longer it was, when the door opened again. It could have been 10 minutes or 10 hours. But he didn't turn, didn't want whomever it was to see him like this, sobbing into his pillow. But he didn't have to, because the intruder walked right around the

bed, pulling a chair next to it and sitting down.
It was Jack.
He watched Will for several seconds, before he finally looked up, eyes swollen and red. As soon as he recognized Jack, his whole expression changed. His face went blank, leaving no emotions. Hatred began to form in his eyes, his thoughts were racing. This man had killed the love of his life. He had killed the only person he had ever truly loved.

“How are you, Will?”, Jack asked. “I saw you passed out on the floor, covered in blood. I was worried. But I'm glad you aren't hurt.”

“What do you care?”, Will hissed. “You have never cared before, so why would you now?!”

“I have always cared about you, Will.” Jack looked at him. “Why were you crying?”

“None of your business.” “Tell me!” Will could feel anger rising in his chest, filling his broken heart. “Oh, I don't know, maybe because you killed Hannibal. You have no idea in what relationship I was with him! You have never known me, or him, or cared about either of us! You are just interested in the profit and if people break on the way, that's not important, because other people are always more precious than me! You knew I was unstable, you knew I was breaking, you knew and you decided not to care, because YOU SAFED PEOPLE!!!” Jack seemed to want to reply something, but Will interrupted him. “No, you don't get to speak to me any more! You shot the love of my life, though he'd never killed Alana and you know that! She has never been rude to him, he didn't have ANY REASON to kill her! And you come hear, all the way proud, practically SCREAMING: Hey guys, I killed Hannibal the Cannibal Lecter, but I'll tell you what, arsehole: YOU DESTROYED ME! YOU ALWAYS HAVE AND YOU ALWAYS WILL! But I'll tell you something else: not any more! You can go, catch your psychopaths alone, destroy other people's lives! But not me! No! I'm out. I'm...I'm done.” Again Jack opened his mouth, but Will looked like he was gonna punch him if he said a single word, so he closed it again. “Leave! You will leave now and never ever speak to me again! And don't you dare consult me again! And if your murderer killed a 1000 people, I DON'T CARE!”

Will was panting heavily, staring at Jack in fury, watching as he left the room. He turned around once more at the door, but Will had already buried his face in his pillow again, crying bitterly. Jack had no idea why Will was so upset. He began to suspect that his relationship with Hannibal really had been more intimate than anyone would ever have thought. But had Will also helped Hannibal? Had he killed, too? Had he eaten people on purpose?

And what if he had?

When Jack came out of the room, Alana was already waiting for him. “I heard what he...said.”

“You did. So what?” Jack grumpily walked to the lifts and pushed the button.

“What are you going to do?” She knew that look. He had suspicions towards Will, probably concerning his participation at all the murders Hannibal had committed. “You can't seriously think about investigating Will.”

“And why not?! I have to know if he's a danger for the universality.”

“No, you just don't like the way he talked to you! You know exactly that he's not a danger to anybody except himself maybe!” The doors of the lift opened. “And you know what? He wasn't wrong about you.” She stared at him for a few more seconds before turning away. “I'm taking the stairs.” But she turned around once more: “You owe him.”

She left Jack angry and offended. He had never meant to hurt anyone. But she did have a point. Maybe he did owe it Will, to let things just go. Hannibal was dead and that was the most important part, wasn't it?

Hello, My Love.

Chapter Notes

I'm sorry that this took so long, but I've had a rather rough week.

Prepare for a shitload of emotional drama and enjoy.

It felt weird, coming home. Though was it still his home? His dogs were gone, Alana had given them away. Only Winston was still here. Will suspected that he had run away from his current owners. He had already done that when Will had been in prison.

He greeted him happily, tail waving, jumping around. Will kneeled down and hugged him, seeking comfort in his soft fur. He had been released after one and a half weeks in the hospital. And now he was here, not knowing what to do. He had grown even skinnier since Alana had last visited him in the first week.

Will went into the kitchen and looked around. It felt all so surreal. He had spent so much time pretending to be somebody else, until Hannibal had opened his eyes and now he was gone, forever. After a few minutes standing in the middle of the kitchen without doing anything, he went outside again and sat down on his porch. He put his elbows on his knees and stared to the floor.

He didn't know for how long he'd been sitting there, when suddenly a pair of shoes appeared in his field of view. It were woman's shoes. He lifted his view and found Alana standing right in front of him. She offered him a hand without saying a word and he took it, equally silently. They went inside and Will sat down on his bed, Alana on a chair.

“For how long have you been sitting out there?”, she finally wanted to know. He just shrugged. According to his frozen feet it must have been quite a while. She sighed, got up and got a blanket out of the cupboard. She wrapped it around his shoulders and sat back down. Next to him.

“How are you today?”, she carefully asked.

At first she wasn't sure whether he was going to answer at all, but then he said: “I'm fine.”

“We both know that's not true.” After a short while he nodded in agreement. “You said, when we found you, that you'd been raped and that we had talked to him. What happened there?”

“I don't want to talk about it. There's no use in it.”

“And why not?”

“Because he's dead. I've told you already.”

“I would like to know what happened.”, she insisted.

“Why?! So you can decide whether to put me back into the Maryland State hospital for the criminally insane?! Is that it? Are you afraid that I will go crazy, again?” He suddenly leaned over and whispered into her ear: “Are you afraid that I will kill Jack? Or you?” He brought a few centimetres of distance between their faces, looking at her. He satisfied noticed the fear in her eyes. He got up and went to the window, looking outside, supporting himself on a chair.

“I just want to make sure you are alright.” Alana really tried to keep her voice steady. She failed.

“Well, my best friend and love of my life just died. What makes you think I could possibly be alright!” His hands clenched into the back of the chair. He hoped she couldn't see his tears. “I was alright when I was with him. Now I don't know what to do. I don't know how to cope.”, he said shakily. After another few minutes of silence, he finally continued: “I got raped. By a blonde man. Hannibal helped me and saved me and fucked me.” He could see her cringe at that. She hadn't wanted to picture that image. “When you two came, he wrote a note. To me. He held it in his hand when he died and I took it. I didn't read it for days. But in the end I did. Turns out he killed my...rapist. The night I saw him.”

“And...do you approve that?”

“Alana, I know you have certain ethical standards, but I don't. Not any more, anyway. What Hannibal did was not always right. But that time, it was. So please stop asking me those questions.”

“But you can't seriously-”

“Yes I can! And now I would like you to leave!” He didn't turn around to look at her, but he could see her reflection in the window, hesitating a few seconds before finally leaving. Then he slowly let go of the chair and slumped to the floor, burying his face in his hands. Heavy sobs shook his body.

How was he supposed to live a life without Hannibal?! Without their talks and his food and his kisses? Their sex? What was he supposed to do? Nobody would ever understand him, ever again. People would just see him as a freak, a man with issues, always close to a break down! People wouldn't see the good in him, they wouldn't see his precious sides, always focussed on his flaws.

This didn't work. This whole life didn't work for Will. He didn't fit. Never had. Never would. He just wanted to be normal. Or die.

He could just die.

Should he?

Maybe not. What if it didn't work? Everyone would stare at him, wherever he'd go, judge him. They'd whisper about him, behind his back. Not that they didn't do that already.

Will got up slowly, trying to find his way to the bathroom, a veil of tears on his eyes. He stumbled against the sink and rushed through the cupboard above, taking every kind of pills he could find. He was too wired up to recall how many of which pills he'd need. So he just took all of them, washing them down with water.

Then he went back to his bedroom, sitting down at his desk. He fished out Hannibal's note. He read it, over and over again, until his eyes got heavy. Tears welled up in his eyes, rolling down his cheeks, dropping on the paper, leaving wet stains. He felt lightheaded, his vision blurred. He tried to get up, to get to his bed, but his legs gave in, letting him fall to the floor. He groaned in sudden pain, but ignored it. He could feel himself drift away into sleep. It got dark, so very dark. And cold. It felt like he was falling, falling forever.
But then something changed. He could suddenly see again, light forcing its way into his eyes. Warmth embraced his body, making him feel safe.

“Hello, my Love. I missed you.”

Will popped his eyes open, staring at Hannibal in disbelief. He was here. They were both here, together, safe. But... “Am I dead?”

“Yes. So am I.” Hannibal smiled at him, offered him his hand. Will took it and he pulled him into a tight hug, pressing a gentle kiss on his lips. “This is all I ever wanted for you, Will. For both of us.”

“It's beautiful.” Tears of relief streamed down both their faces, but it was alright, they were together.

They were standing on a boat, in the middle of the sea. Blue waves let it dance, played with it cheerfully. The sun shone on them warmly, enlightening the whole world. A bright smile forced its way to Will's face, making him look so happy. He turned back to Hannibal. “Where are we going?”

“Where ever you want.”

Epilogue

Chapter Notes

Hannibal's note to Will. (I couldn't hold myself back with the Doctor Who quote XD)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

My dearest Will,

they are here. I suppose I will not survive Jack this time and I don't want to get you hurt, so I will face them. I will surrender.
But before I do that, I want you to know something: I killed him. The man who dared to touch you, raped you. I should have looked out for you better. I made too many mistakes.
But I love you. I really do. I have loved you for a long time now and I fear that I will never be able to tell you that again.
Please live your life, even when I'm gone. Because that's what you deserve. You deserve to be happy.
And I hope you will get many dogs, that love you as well.
I love you. And I know you love me, too.
Please do not regret my death. Remember the good times we had. Because one day I shall come back. Yes, I shall come back. But until then, there must be no regrets, no tears, no anxieties. I shall come back in your dreams.
And don't be afraid. We are going to be fine.
I love you, Will.

Yours forever,

Hannibal Lecter

Chapter End Notes

THANKS FOR READING, EVERYBODY.

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